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with the massive sustained choral writing. The final *allegro*, "He then shall judge," commences with a broad, bold, diatonic subject, followed by a shorter counter-subject, both closely wrought in alternation and in combination, in free imitation rather than in fugal style, with that facility, skill, and power, in which Mendelssohn alone, of modern composers, has approached the great masters of the past. The use of the choral unison in detached phrases near the close, answered by full chords in the orchestra, and the final cadence, form a termination worthy of a work which is marked throughout by a pure and elevated religious sentiment, and a mastery over musical expression, which should procure its more frequent public performance. Indeed, both the hymn (reviewed in the last Number), and the psalm now referred to, are worthy the immediate attention of all choral societies, metropolitan and provincial.

A Vintage Song. Chorus for Men's voices, from the unfinished opera, *Loreley*. F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Op. 98, No. 3.

THIS little piece is a newly-published number of the first act (the only portion composed) of an opera, which was the object of Mendelssohn's serious attention at the period of his untimely death, in 1847. Among the many great projects with which his brain teemed at that, the most matured, phase of his career, was the production of a grand stage work, which should combine all those essentials, dramatic and musical, which are so seldom comprised in such compositions. The exalted sentiment with which Mendelssohn pursued his noble career, rendered him incapable of devoting his art to a subject not worthy in itself; or, being so, rendered unworthy by inefficient stage treatment. His admirable judgment, extending far beyond his own immediate vocation as a musician, and comprehending the purest and the soundest principles in other arts, and in literature, would not allow him to work on an opera book in which there was not at least a very near approach to the conditions which he required. Hence the long delay which occurred before he found, in the text of Herr Geibel's *Loreley*, an inducement to commence what, had he lived to complete it, would have been his crowning production in dramatic music; his very early work, *Die Hochzeit des Camacho* (performed but once in public), and his several operettas, written for private performance, not coming within the province of grand opera. Of the ideal and romantic beauty, and the matured thought and power brought to bear on the composition of *Loreley*, the great *finale* to the first act has frequently made manifest, in the many performances it has received since its first production in this country, at the Birmingham Festival of 1852. The beautiful little hymn, for soprano solo and female chorus, *Ave Maria*, another instalment of the nearly completed first act, was made known here some eight years since; and we have here a third extract in the charming chorus now referred to, printed in No. 308 of the *Musical Times* and first performed at the Crystal Palace Concert of the 17th of October, when it pleased so greatly as to receive an immediate and decided encore. The pastoral beauty and rustic simplicity of the strains, supposed to be sung in thankful exultation at the successful results of the Rhine vintage, simple as they are, are such as only a great master could convey with so much special character by such small means. The commencing drone-bass, and the unisonous phrases, given out by the first tenors and first basses, echoed by the second tenors and second basses, also in unison, then all joining in a full burst of joyful harmony, leave an impression of pastoral gladness and melodious brightness which must prove highly effective in the stage situation, judging by the impression which it created in the concert room.

The Anglican Hymn Book. Edited by the Rev. Robert Corbet Singleton, M.A., and Edwin G. Monk, Mus. Doc.

THERE has been such an universally expressed desire of late, on the part of the public generally, for something like uniformity in the hymnody of the English Church, that we have been led to enquire, on the appearance of each new collection, whether the projectors have expected their particular book to become the sole use throughout the land, and so conduce to the much-desired uniformity, or whether their intention was merely to throw the book in with the rest, in the hope that from the confusion produced by an enormous variety, their collection might come in for at least a portion of the popularity enjoyed by others already before the public. With the object, therefore, of first clearing up this matter, we naturally turn our attention to the preface, where we find unmistakeable proof of the disinterestedness of the compilers; for they there disclaim all notion of aiming at popularity, and they also condemn those who have endeavoured to gratify the taste of the multitude in times past. Now, if it be not the object of the present collection to satisfy, and make its way in the affections of the public, we should be glad to know for what the book was intended. Surely a publication so handsomely got up, and so evidently the result of deep thought and large outlay, could not have been intended for the sole use of professional musicians; than whom, we may say that, as far as our experience goes, there is hardly a class of persons in existence less likely to adopt hymn singing as a means of ordinary recreation. The more we think about it, the more do we find ourselves compelled to relinquish all hope of fathoming the designs of the editors of the *Anglican Hymn Book*. But we cannot help saying that we consider it in the light of an error of judgment to bring out such a book, and exclude almost all consideration for the tastes of congregations, for whom *alone* it can really be intended. We willingly concede that the book is a standing testimony to the ripe musicianship and scholarly taste of those who have taken prominent part in its formation, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, and Dr. E. G. Monk. But we fear this flattering opinion would prove but cold comfort, were it not supplemented by the approbation of the very multitude so slightingly spoken of by the editors.

We have before had occasion to mention, as the result of our experience, that hymnody requires an altogether different treatment to any other class of sacred music. It is an undeniable fact that hymn tunes are intended for the use of persons, the majority of whom are ignorant of the very simplest rules in music. Therefore it is, we consider, of the first importance that such tunes should be possessed of a melody sufficiently marked and swinging to catch the ear of the unlearned in the shortest space of time, and thus enable the worshipper to join, with heart and voice, in that portion of the service which is, so to speak, his special freehold and right. With anthems, and other sacred compositions, the case is altogether different; they being usually intended to be sung by trained musicians. But even here we hold that the desire on the part of composers to exhibit great learning in music intended for church use should be kept in strict subordination to the endeavour to touch the hearts and stimulate the devotion of worshippers; and we again most strongly urge this view of the question upon all whose ideas are in danger of becoming warped, or whose opinions are not yet definitely formed. We remember, in our younger days, having asked the opinion of a learned musician upon a motett, by Mozart, and we do not forget our astonishment upon receiving the reply: "Trash, sir, trash! why, there isn't the ghost of a fugue from the beginning to the end!" We recollect, however, stubbornly comforting ourselves with the reflection that it was inspired music despite the absence of a fugue, and we fancy most unbiassed people will agree with us.

Amongst the novel features introduced into this work is the addition of marks of expression to the words of the hymns, the metronomic signs to each tune, and, what we must consider as a novelty at the present time, the entire absence of concluding "Amens." Of the two first we must record our strong approval; and with regard to the latter we can only say, it is a pure matter of feeling. The principal novelty, of course, will be found to be the new tunes, composed expressly for the work, of which by far the majority are good, solid, and musicianly. Dr. Monk himself contributes about forty, and Mr. G. A. Mac-

farren half that number; so that no inconsiderable portion of the book is monopolized by these two gentlemen. Of the tunes by the former we may mention Nos. 5, 13, 191, and 330, as deserving of special praise; although the second mentioned is certainly inferior to Mr. W. H. Monk's setting of the same words ("Abide with me"). To Mr. G. A. Macfarren credit is mainly due not only for the best of the original contributions, but for the musicianly harmonies he has added to many ancient melodies. His original tunes are particularly admirable, possessing, as they do, a strong individual character, an attribute but seldom found in modern tunes. We may particularize Nos. 22, 35, 68, 93, 161, and 332. Dr. Stewart supplies a few thoroughly good tunes, as do also Messrs. Walter Macfarren, W. H. Holmes, and the Rev. W. H. Havergal.

It will be seen by our previous remarks that, viewed from a musician's point of view, we consider this collection admirable to the last degree. It is almost impossible to place your finger upon any one bar in the entire collection and say, "There is an instance of inadvertence, carelessness, or hurry." The whole thing appears to have been carefully considered and properly digested before a single note was committed to paper; and the result is, as we said before, one which cannot fail to enhance the reputation of all concerned, at least, amongst the musical portion of the community. And here honesty compels us to cease our eulogies. We cannot for a moment indulge in the supposition that the *Anglican Hymn Book* will be eagerly welcomed by ordinary congregations, the colouring throughout is so much too low. We should just as soon expect the multitude to fall into ecstasies over the gloomy wildness of Salvator Rosa—appreciate the extraordinary dash of Mr. Whistler—enjoy the masculine terseness of Robert Browning—or thoroughly recognize the artistic feeling observable in the architectural creations of Mr. Burgess, as to take to their bosom this thoroughly academical work.

It may be a somewhat novel proceeding, but, we hope, none the less useful, if we close this review with a few of the notes made during a careful examination of this hymn-tune book, which have not been otherwise used in the review.

I. The use of diatonic harmonies will not alone give breadth to a composition.

II. The old tunes possess these advantages over most of the new, for reasons explained in the following note.

III. Old tunes are certainly in advance of such modern ones as are based upon the style of the ancients, in other words, the imitations are decidedly inferior to the things imitated, for the following reasons—viz., that, however colourless the old tunes may sound to modern ears, there can be no doubt of their having, in their time, been the outpourings of a full heart, and of their being the result of the richest combinations of colour then known: whereas, the majority of so-called new tunes are the result of a mental self-deception—the head saying to the heart, "This is a matter with which you have nothing to do; therefore, you must leave it all to me. I have to produce something in exact imitation of the grand old seventeenth century tunes—which are acknowledged on all sides to be perfect models of what a hymn tune should be—and, therefore, I require the assistance of *judgment* and not *feeling*." Is it to be wondered at that the effect of tunes produced upon such principles should be cold, chilling, and lifeless?

In Dulce Jubilo. An ancient Christmas Carol, by R. L. de Pearsall.

Amongst the numerous vocal compositions by this charming composer, some may be cited as having made their way in the affections of amateurs, as "The hardy Norseman" and "O, who will o'er the downs so free;" others have become popular both with professional musicians and amateurs alike, witness, "In dulce jubilo," and "Sir Patrick Spens;" whilst others, again, have, as yet, made their way with the learned musician alone, as "Lay a garland," and "Light of my soul." But of all these specimens—embracing some of the loftiest thoughts and most beautiful combinations of harmony that have ever been put into a purely vocal form—our affections are drawn irresistably by the *naive* beauty of the carol "In dulce jubilo." There is so much virgin freshness—such a wealth of almost childish ingenuousness. It is, in short, such a *thorough carol.* Where all is so beautiful, it is impossible, or at least unnecessary, to cite particular instances. We can only say, we consider it one of the lovellest conceptions ever put to paper; and now that it has been brought within reach of small choirs, and the compass of four parts, by the exceedingly ingenious manipulation of Mr. W. J. Westbrook (whereby not a single note has been sacrificed, and the clearness of the parts carefully preserved), we cannot doubt for a moment that a great popularity is in store for it. In its original state it occasionally ran into as many as ten parts.

O sing to God your hymns of gladness (Noël). Motet for female voices. Composed by Charles Gounod.

Few men have suffered so much injustice at the hands of some members of the English profession as M. Gounod. Time was, and not long ago either, when his opera *Faust* was assailed on all sides, and nothing was considered too strong in condemnation of the presumption of a Frenchman in fancying he could write anything larger than the flimsiest of comic operas. "Superficial French polish," "thin veneering," "military bombast," and "windy pomposity," are a few of the choice epithets which were liberally bestowed on this great composition; whilst the nervous trepidation exhibited by operatic managers and music publishers, before the opera was submitted to the ordeal of public criticism, has become a matter of history. However, the opera was brought out, and the public applauded, and its first success was only the precursor to a *furore* almost beyond precedent. Then it was thought advisable by its opponents to "trim" a little, and "want of melody" took the place of the older and less elegant phrases. But when excerpts began to be whistled by boys in the streets, and squeezed out of asthmatic accordions, even this last bulwark was evacuated, and on all sides it was agreed that *Faust* was a great work.

About this time rumours began to circulate to the effect that an adaptation of a grand Mass in G to the requirements of a London church was taking a firm hold on the affections of the worshippers and others. It soon became known that this *Messe Solennelle* was the rejected of the custodians of musical art of fifteen or twenty years ago, when it was first heard under the direction of Mr. Hullah; and a new set of phrases were collected together to stigmatise the grandest contribution to the service of the church since the two Masses of Beethoven astonished and delighted the world. "Theatrical tinsel," "operatic tawdry," and unfair comparisons between the sacred compositions of Mendelssohn and Gounod, were the means employed to injure the popularity of the great French musician, and, as before, they were utterly without avail. For, M. Gounod is not the man to put everything on the cast of one die; he cares not whether his *Messe Solennelle* becomes popular or not, but continues writing, and each succeeding composition increases, or at least consolidates, his hardly-won reputation.

The subject of the present review is one of the latest of these compositions, and perhaps one of the purest pieces of inspiration ever conceived by this composer.

The introductory bars are distinguished by reiterated chords for the right hand, and a bold moving subject in the bass, working up in a large and dignified manner to a *forte*, and afterwards gradually subsiding to a calm and placid *piano*, upon which the voice breaks with a melody of surprising breadth and beauty. The direction, "with fervour," appears to us almost supererogatory, for it seems almost impossible that any one could sing such a melody without being moved to their inmost soul. This subject is then repeated in chorus with a few most charming interpolations by the solo voice. After this comes the gem of the